

'Lunch at the Gotham Cafe'
Maitre D sides

By

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Adapted from the Stephen King Short

INT. GOTHAM CAFE

Steve is looking for what to do with the pack of cigarettes, when he looks up. He stops in his tracks. The restaurant's Maitre D' is standing not a foot in front of him. He is wearing a tuxedo, has a pencil mustache, and slicked back hair. He's a very generic maitre d', other than some hair sticking up, and a small dark splotch on his white shirt. He speaks in a snooty quasi-french accent.

MAITRE D'

Welcome to the Gotham cafe. Can I help you, sir.

Steven is caught off guard.

STEVEN

I.. Uhhh... Davis. Er, no-

MAITRE D'

Pardon, monsieur.

Pronounced like "Pahdun, messoo", although his inflection sounds more like "Fuck you, Steve."

STEVEN

Humboldt. Party of three. Er, four.

The Maitre D' doesn't break eye contact.

MAITRE D'

Ah, yes, monsieur. Right this way.

He turns, and begins to walk Steve toward one direction. Once in front of a hall, he points down it.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

Your party is- You cannot bring that dog in here. HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU?

Startled, Steve turns around finding nothing, then realizes the maitre d' is looking at the cigarettes in his hand. Confused, he tucks them in his pocket, and looks back up to find the maitre d' has vanished.

MAITRE D' (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This way, monsieur.

He turns down the hall, and follows the maitre d' to the table.

INT. GOTHAM CAFE

From within the kitchen a scream is heard loudly. (2:00)

MAITRE D' (O.S.)
 AIIIIIIII!!! THAT DOG! I TOLD YOU
 TIME AND TIME AGAIN ABOUT THAT
 DOG!! AIIIIIIII, I CAN'T SLEEP! AND,
 AIIIIIIIIII HOW YOU TEASE ME, AND
 BRING THAT BITCH IN HERE!!!

He bursts into the room, knock kneed, with his hands clasped behind his back. He is looking at Steve. Piss is dripping out of the cuff of his pants.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)
 AIIIIIIII!! I TEACH YOU! FOR THE LAST
 TIME, I TEACH YOU!!

Humboldt stands up and faces the man.

HUMBOLDT
 Now, see here you idiot! If you
 think you can do this kind of-

The maitre D' slashes humboldt through the cheek with a massive butchers knife, causing it to splay open, and blood to spill out. The crowd is petrified. Humboldt, wide eyed, places his hand on his cheek. The maitre D' hammers the blade into humboldt's forehead. Blood splatters everywhere. She is covered in blood, and being she covered her face with her hands, they are also now covered in blood. People start to run. The Maitre D' kneels down over his body and holds him by the head.

MAITRE D'
 Tell that in your ears! MISERABLE
 DOG-LOVER, AIIIIIIII!!!

He stands up, pulling the knife out of Humboldt, and rushes past diane, who covers her face again, and straight to steve. He lowers his knife, and starts to speak in a conversational tone, with a small exasperated smile on. Not a crazy smile, just a normal one.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)
 That dog of yours... It... It is so
 much rage. All the radios in coney
 island don't make up to that dog,
 you motherfucker.

After a moment of silence, Steve punches the maitre D' in the face. He staggers back. Steve grabs Diane, and runs through the kitchen.